

I am the good Shepherd.
John 10:11

The Shepherd

The good Shepherd giveth
his life for the sheep.
John 10:11

Haugen, Rev. A. K.
March 4

I AM THE DOOR OF THE SHEEP. John 10:7.

Volume 19

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No. 1

New Year's Sermon

BEGIN IT IN JESUS' NAME

Epistle: Acts 4: 8--12.

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." — Acts 4:12.

Many years ago a man told me that if I said the word "rabbit" the first thing on the first day of the month it would bring luck, happiness and prosperity. It was a good name with which to begin. Begin the New Year in the name of a rabbit? What a name! Yet how well it symbolizes the helpless and vain things in which human beings often superstitiously put their faith. How like the timid rabbit they vanish when danger appears. Pity the soul that groping in the dark for help and guidance finds only a rabbit's foot.

But we do not need to grope. For the arm of God's love has reached down into the dark and placed our hand in the hand of One Who can say, "I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14: 6). And of this One God says in the words of our text, "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." None other name given us for guidance and salvation, than the name Jesus. None other to begin the New Year in. But thank God for this blessed Name.

How to use it? Not as a magic formula. Not as men would use the word, rabbit. That would be taking His name in vain. Use it for the knowledge of God that it brings. Just as God's names, by which He has introduced Himself to us in the Bible, tells us that He is Lord, is Almighty, is Holy, — so God makes known to us His mercy and love for us in Jesus Christ, and in the name He gave Him, and told us to call Him.

"And thou shalt call His name Jesus: for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. 1: 21). These words to Joseph were also to us. God wants us to call Him, Jesus, that means, Savior.

"And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, His name was called Jesus, which was so named of the angel before He was conceived in the womb" (Luke 2:21). The number eight signifies a new beginning—the eighth day is the beginning of a new week. It was a new and blessed beginning when the male Israelite was brought into the covenant relationship with God through circumcision on the eighth day. It was a blessed event for us when the sinless Son of God was placed under the law in circumcision in order "to redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons" (Gal. 4:5). And how significant that it was then that He was given the name Jesus, or Savior! The era of redemption was being ushered in.

Circumcision is no longer the covenant sacrament in our New Testament dispensation. Baptism as "the circumcision made without hands" has taken its place (Col. 2: 11--12). Christ commanded that disciples be made by baptizing in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit" (Matt. 28:19), and Peter replying to sin-burdened hearts on the day of Pentecost counselled them, "Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins..." (Acts 2: 38). Baptized into the name of Christ and of the triune God, we are adopted into God's family. God becomes our Father, and we His children. What a new and blessed relationship! — A new beginning in Jesus' name.

But many have despised their birthright through Baptism, rejected their adoption into God's family and left the Father's house for the far country where the sweetness of sin soon turns into the bitterness of death. But the Father's voice through the Gospel message proclaims the acceptable

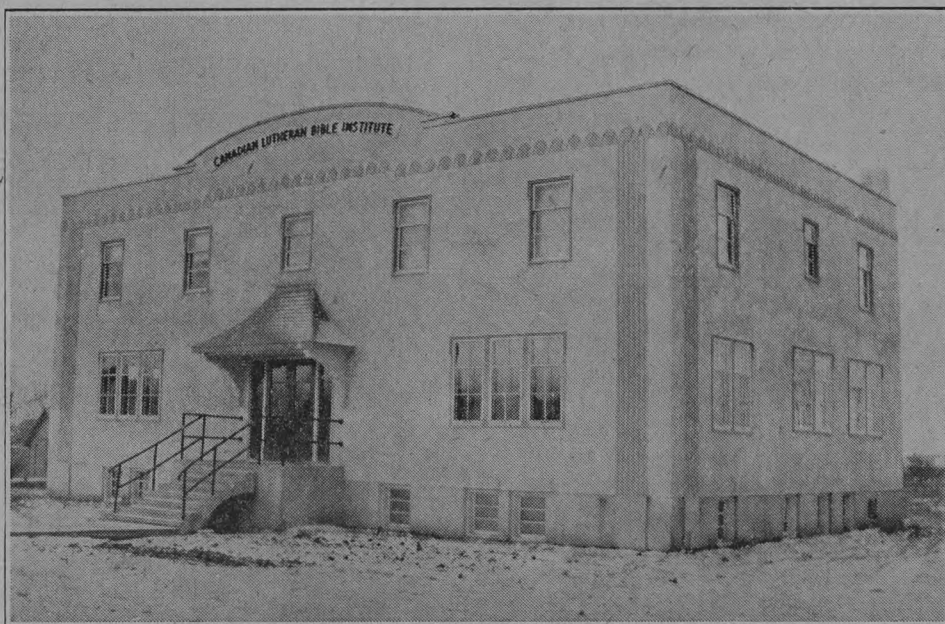
PRAY FOR THESE LUTHERAN SCHOOLS



Camrose Lutheran College, Camrose, Alta., opened its Winter term on Monday, January 4th, 1943. Professor GEORG MOI is principal.



The Saskatchewan Lutheran Bible Institute, Outlook, Sask., opened its Winter term on Wednesday, January 6th, 1943. Pastor G. O. EVENSON is dean. The following pastors will assist: M. E. ARNESON, January, J. B. HAAVE, February, G. J. Ostrem, March.



The Canadian Lutheran Bible Institute Camrose, Alta., opened its Winter term on Tuesday, January 5th, 1943. Pastor C. A. BERNHARDSON is dean, and is assisted by Pastor E. C. PETERSON, and Pastor S. J. RUDE.

year of the Lord urging us to call to Christ for salvation. "And it shall come to pass that whosoever calleth on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Acts 2:21). Call on the name of the Lord for help and salvation, that is the reason God has given it to us. God forbid that you should ever take that glorious name in vain, despise it, or dishonor it—for "there is none other name given."

How fitting that on the eighth day after Christmas we celebrate the naming of Jesus

with the beginning of a new year. May it be a New Year with Christ. May the backslider from God's grace and the stranger to God's grace call on His name for mercy; may the children of His grace praise Him for His adoption and regeneration, and may they continue to "put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness" (Eph. 4: 24). May you have a Blessed New Year in Jesus' Name. Amen.

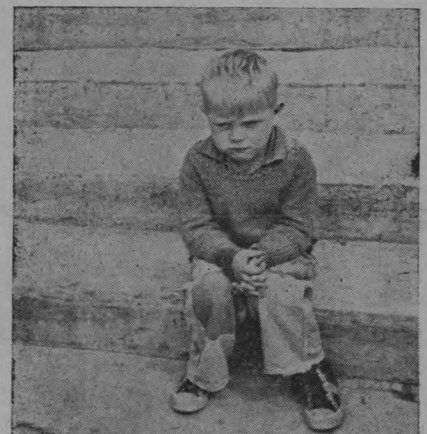
—A. K. H.



Pastor C. K. Solberg

We look forward to a visit from one of our Church Evangelists, Pastor C. K. Solberg. The following is his itinerary:

Calgary — January 5—10.
Camrose — January 12—17.
Ryley — January 19—24.
Viking — January 26—31.
Edmonton — February 2—7.
Armenia — February 9—14.
Bawlf — February 16—21.
Wetaskiwin — February 23—28.



"Little Charlie"

"A FRIEND IN NEED"

What mother-heart among us would not go out in sympathy to this pathetic little "when-a-fellow-needs-a-friend" picture?

Charlie has just arrived at one of our children's homes. He does not yet realize how much his life is to be filled up with good things. He is brooding on sad memories. He is doing some dark and heavy thinking about the past; he is already old through suffering.

Aren't we glad that we can reach out a loving hand to this little boy? Aren't we thankful that through our gifts to the charities department of our church and to the Lutheran welfare societies we can search out these little boys and girls and help them? —Lutheran Herald.

* * *

Pictures such as these emphasize that our work produces practical and spiritual results. Only a few days remain of the fiscal year of the ingathering for our church. Many congregations have sent in the full quota. Others considerably over-the-top. Only seventy-seven percent of our Canada District Allocation was sent in by December 1, 1942. There is much to be done.

It is not only "little Charlie" receiving help and blessing through our gifts — but many who sit in spiritual darkness see the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

Pray and work that the entire budget may be raised. Through it we may cast our bread upon the waters and it shall return to us after many days.

—V.

The SHEPHERD — HYRDEN

Organ of the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

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A New Year Prayer

I ask not Fortune's envied smile
Nor that her lavish gifts she pile
Into may hands; not fame nor wealth,
Prosperity—nor even health—
I covet more!

A heart that can rejoice and sing,
Content with what each day shall bring;
A loving heart that can forgive
And always unto others live,
That knows not hate or bitterness
But foe and friend alike can bless.
That dares to stand for truth and right,
That works at day and rests at night.
That sees in seasons' snow and shower,
In towering tree and lowly flower
With reverent awe and open eyes
The hand of a Creator wise!
A heart that can be calm and still,
Attuned to His almighty will
With childlike faith to understand
My times are in the Father's hand!

Not years in empty joy to live,
I ask a Christian life—to give
To Christ! Of His most precious store
I covet more!

Edith E. Fischer.

Why Rudyard Kipling Turned Against Alcoholic Liquors

(From his "American Notes", Page 113, Hurst & Co., Publishers, New York)

"The other sight of the evening was a horror. The little tragedy played itself out at a neighboring table where two very young men and two very young women were sitting. It did not strike me till far into the evening that the pimply young reprobates were making the girls drunk. They gave them red wine and then white, and the voices rose slightly with the maidens' cheek flushes. I watched, and the youths drank until their speech thickened and their eyeballs grew watery. It was sickening to see, because I knew what was going to happen.

"They got indubitably drunk—there in that lovely music hall, surrounded by the best of Buffalo society. One could do nothing except invoke the judgment of heaven on the two boys, themselves half sick with liquor. At the close of the performance, the quiter maiden laughed vacantly and protested she couldn't keep her feet. The four linked arms and, staggering, flickered out into the street, drunk. They disappeared down a side avenue, but I could hear their laughter long after they were out of sight.

"And they were all four children of 16 and 17. Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that a man should go without his beer in public places and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said, 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately', and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send those two girls reeling down the dark street to—God alone knows what end.

"It is not good that we should let liquor lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."

The Lutheran Bible Hour

Last summer the Saskatchewan Lutheran Bible Institute and Luther Theological Seminary jointly arranged with Radio Station CFQC for broadcasting a half-hour radio service every Sunday morning from 9:00 to 9:30 o'clock, beginning the first Sunday in October.

We decided to call these services the Lutheran Bible Hour because we wanted to stress that the Bible is the source of all truly Christian teaching, and at the same time indicate that our preaching of the Word is consistent with the confessional position of the Lutheran Church.

With these broadcasts we have especially two objects in view: The one is to bring to our own people, and especially to the shut-ins, truly helpful messages from God's Word. The second purpose is to bring to as many others as possible, including people of other faiths and of no faith, a clear and strong testimony to the saving truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Our Church should not put its light under a bushel, but on a candlestick. The radio is a very high candlestick, and we believe that our Church should make as much use of the radio as possible in the service of Christ, because what the world most needs today is the clear light of God's saving Word.

These radio services are something of a venture of faith. We made bold to sign a contract for six months, believing that it was something that should be done, that God would graciously bless the venture, and that people would support it with the necessary funds. We pay the radio station \$16.00 for each broadcast, and there are a few other necessary expenses. Let me make perfectly clear, however, that all who take part in the broadcasts do so freely, without any pecuniary compensation whatever. They are all glad to give their time and work.

If these radio services are to continue most of the support will have to come from our own Church people. In this connection we wish to ask two or three questions, and to make them personal: Do you find these services valuable to yourself? Do you believe their influence is such that you would like to support them because of the good they may do to others? Would you like to share in these services as a part of your own witnessing to the saving truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ?

It is not our purpose with these lines to beg for support for these radio services, for they are rather yours than ours, and it is for you to decide whether they are of sufficient value to be continued.

A number of appreciative and encouraging letters have been received and some funds. All bills have so far been paid, and there is enough on hand for the immediate future. But a good deal more will be needed before the six months are over. Gifts may be sent to Saskatchewan Lutheran Bible Institute, Outlook, or to Luther Theological Seminary, Saskatoon, or to The Lutheran Bible Hour, c/o Radio Station CFQC, Saskatoon.

If any of you have any suggestions for the improvement of these radio services, we shall be very glad to hear from you.

J. R. Lavik.

Student Aid Fund

The following gifts have recently been received to this Fund:

From Walter Hanson and family in memory of D. L. Melby \$2.00; from Mr. and Mrs. John B. Hanson in memory of Rev. O. L. Falkeld \$5.00. — We extend the sincere thanks of the Seminary for these gifts.

J. R. Lavik.

Rose Valley

An impressive Confirmation service was held in Zion Church Dec. 6th when the young people who had begun their confirmation instruction with the late Pastor H. Holland were renewed in their baptismal covenant. They were Evelyn Lovstad, Gladys Hassel, Harry Holo, and Floyd Berge. Each received a copy of Hallesby's devotional book, God's Word for Today. Each of these young people come from homes where The Shepherd is a regular visitor.

Donald R. Lorimer a young Pilot Officer of the RCAF killed in an air crash in Quebec was buried in Rose Valley cemetery Dec. 18th. The funeral service was conducted in Zion Lutheran Church by Flt. Lt. Morrison, Chaplain from Dafoe Airport.

Mrs. L. Rosvold, passes away.

Olivie Marie Rosvold was born in Norway, January 28, 1878. Came to the United States of America in the year 1904. While there she was married to Lars Rosvold; and the family came to Tribune, Saskatchewan in 1915. Moving from the southern part of the province, the family came to Eldersley, Sask., in 1931. Mrs. Rosvold died at her home near Eldersley after a short illness, Nov. 8, at the age of 64 years.

Funeral service was held from the home during the afternoon of Nov. 11. Rev. E. O. Walker had charge of the service; and Mr. H. H. Johnson of South Star sang several selections in Norwegian, and also, "Asleep In Jesus" in the English language. Internment was made in the Tisdale cemetery; and quite a large number attended the funeral.

Surviving Mrs. Rosvold are her husband, and ten children, besides grand-children. The children are: Hans, in Washington; Mrs. A. Anderson, Norris, Leonard, Marcus, Lester, Harold, at Eldersley and Crooked River; Mrs. E. Ashdown at home; and Ingvar and Loyd overseas in England.

Mrs. Rosvold was a faithful Christian. She longed for the time of her redemption. May her life and testimony be a blessing for her family and acquaintances. Blessed be her memory.

—E. O. W.

Parkside Kaldet

Første Advent Søndag, den 29de november gjentok tre gutter og ti piker sine daaplslofter i Concordia menighet. Emiser Fengstad har lest med dem et aar. Han tok over kaldet da pastor Hans Nelson flyttet.

De unge svarte greit og gav klart vidnesbyrd om sin tro. Maa Gud faa bevare dem ifra det onde.

Følgende blev konfirmeret: Arthur Hegland, Gilbert Anderson, Melvin Hanson, Gladys Enstrom, Ines Anderson, Doris Anderson, Agnes Hanson, Agnes Halvorsen, Inga Halvorsen, Laurine Swenson, Lena Senum, Clara Birkeland, Edna Olsen, Paa eftermiddag blev holdt altergang. —S. F.

Et Hyggeligt Kretsmote

Kretsmøtet for Yorkton kreis holdtes i Sions menighet Le Roy, Saskatchewan, pastor L. M. Hansons kald den 6-8de November.

Alle prester i kretsen var tilstede undtagen A. J. Gubberud som blev forhindret.

Pastor Hanson indledet teksten, Aab. 3:1-22. Han fremla de følgende punkter:

Tema: „Frelseren staar ved menighetens dør."

1. Herren beskriver Laodikea menigheten.
2. Hvorledes menigheten betragtet sin egen stilling.
3. Herrens formaning til menigheten.
4. Herrens intregende kald til menigheten.
5. Herren belønner den seirende.

Ved siden av tilreisende delegater og prester hadde vi med os Mrs. Iver Iverson, og evangelist Tysdal.

Miss Backholdt, Mrs. Hanson og Pastor Haave opvartet med sang. Folket var gjestfrie og opmerksomme, og i det heletat hadde vi et meget opbyggeligt mote. Haaper at de troende i Le Roy kaldet vil slaa bonnering om sin prestefamilie og sine menigheter saa sender nok vor Herre vekkelsen som en del av de gamle har ventet paa i mange aar! Paa Yorkton Krets vegne.

Pastor P. E. Nelson,
Midlertidig Sekreter.

Den beste lekse

Da man spurte Moody hvilken lekse var den beste han hadde lært i sit liv, svarte han: "Den beste lekse jeg har lært i livets skole er aa la Gud velge for mig." — Hvor er ikke vi ofte egenraadige og vil ha vaar egen vilje i stedet for aa betros oss til Herrens visdom! Guds vilje er manns himmerike.

Avskedsfest

Søndag den 15de november like etter gudstjenesten blev der holdt en avskedsfest for Mrs. Marie Fredrickson, samt hendes to sønner John og Reuben, og en datter Mrs. Olga Milen. Et lite program blev avholdt til Fru Fredricksons ære og en liten pengesum overrakt hende som et tegn paa menighetens kjerlighet og paaskjønnelse for hendes trofaste og inspirerende arbeide immelem os it omtrent tre og tredive aar.

Mrs. Fredrickson blir snart fire-og otti aar gammel — eller ung — men saart og tungt var det at skilles med hende. Og naar vi nu har sagt hende farvel med vore bedste ønsker om god helse og et lykkeligt, rikt liv, sa skal vi altid mindes hendes vennesele sind, hendes lyse, solklare smil, som i saa mange maater avspeiler hendes rike sjele — liv. Sa vil vi da indtil din livsol gaar ned, ønske dig en herlig livsaften.

—Jens H. Buvik.

La Guds aand faa tale!

Det hender ganske ofte naar jeg grunner paa noget i Fadervaar eller en av bønnene at jeg faar slike rike tanker at jeg lar alt det andre fare. Naar slike rike og gode tanker kommer, bør en stoppe med all annen bønn og gi disse tanker rum, en bør lytte i stillhet og paa ingen maate hindre dem. For da er det den Hellige Aand selv som taler. Og ett av hans ord er bedre enn tusen av vaare bønner.

...Jeg gjentar hvad jeg tidligere har sagt om Fadervaar: Hvis den Hellige Aand kommer inn i dine tanker og begynner aa tale i ditt hjerte, saa ta imot ham og la dine egne tanker fare. Vær stille og lytt til ham som vet all ting bedre enn du. Og husk paa hvad han sier og skriv det ned, saa vil du faa opleve mirakler.

Luther,

(i Brev itl Peter Barber, 1535).

Hvorfor tenker den uomvendte ikke paa sin sjel?

I barneaarene er han for glad og barnslig. Han tenker: Jeg vil vente, til jeg blir voksen; jeg forstaar ikke riktig, hvad det er at bli en kristen endnu.

I ungdommen drømmer han om lykke og fremtid. "Naar jeg kommer til ro i livet og faar mere tid, vil jeg tenke alvorlig paa min frelse. Nu gjelder det at komme sig frem og ikke bli akterut for de andre."

I manddommen faar han for mange bekymringer, forretningsbekymringer, familiebekymringer. "Jeg kan ikke tenke paa Gud just nu. Jeg maa komme mig igjennem disse besværligheter først, Men naar jeg blir ferdig, saa — —"

I fremrykket alder er han for gammel. Hans hjerte er blit herdet i synden. Hans vaner og syndige tilboieligheter er nesten umulig at avlegge, og han føler, at han ikke kan komme ut av det spor, hvori han har levet saa lenge.

Paa sykeleiet er han for syk. Hans legeme vrider sig i smerte, hans evne til at tenke er borte, hans viljekraft er brudt, han er helt optat av sine lidelser og faar ingen ro til at tale alvorlig med Gud.

I døden er det for sent. Hans anledninger er borte. Det kom saa hurtig, aanden tok avsked med legemet.

Aldrig mere vil frelsens budskap tilbydes ham.

Død — borte — evig for sent.

Leser! kjender du dig igjen i noen eller i flere av disse korte omrids af livet? Vær ærlig og sand og vis dette spørsmaal din opmerksomhet.

Du maa ha tid til det viktigste! Og du har tid! Grip den, la Herren faa frelse dig nu. Idag, da du hører den Helligaands stemme i din samvittighet, da forhærd ikke dit hjerte!

"Alle dem, som tok imot ham (Jesus), dem ga han makt til at bli Guds børn, dem som tror paa hans navn) (Joh. 1, 12).

Ikke alle sanne ord er gode ord. Sannhet uten kjærlighet saarer oftere enn den læger; den skremmer bort mer enn den drar! Defor er det saa viktig aa være sannheten tro i kjærlighet.

Jeg er den gode Hyrde.

Joh. 10:11

THE SHEPHERD

Hyrden

JEG ER DØREN TIL FAARENE. Joh. 10:7.

Den gode Hyrde setter sit

liv til for faarene.

Joh. 10:11

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Første Nr. i Januar, 1943

Kristi Aapenbaringsdag

STJERNEN

Matt. 2, 1—12.

Av biskop J. Maroni, Kristiansand.

Det er underlig med stjernene. De sees ikke, naar det er lyst. Men naar det mørkner over jord, straalere stjernene frem, lyser, vinker, forjetter. Slik er det ogsaa i aandens verden. I medgangs dager har folk flest lite sans for den store stjerne fra Betlehem. De er saa travelt optatt med alt jordisk og sanser lite det, som er her oventil. — Men siver mørket inn med sin utviskende evne for alt her nede og sitter menneskene i motgang og frykt, da sanser de, hvor alt dette, de daglig har været optatt av er smaatt og ringe, utilstrekkelig til aa tilfredsstille sjelens innerste og dybeste behov. Og da løftes blikket lettere opad og Guds løfters stjernehimmel straalere frem for dem.

Nu er det mørkt her nede paa en stormfull strand. Men midt i mørket straalere den frem igjen den forjettelsen straalende stjernehimmel som er evig og uforanderlig i sin glans. Og over alle andre stjerner lyser Kristi skikkelse i all sin herlighet. Derfor oplever vi paany at han drar øinene hen paa sig og sitt rike.

Han er den skinnende morgenstjerne. I hans lys maa synden vike, ved hans makt maa sorgen dø. Alle Guds løfter blir i ham, ja og amen. Han trøster den angrende synder, han renser den tyngede samvittighet, han stiller det bange hjertes banken. I ham er frelse og fred, opreisning og liv, den lyseste fremtid. Derfor gir han sine venner det levende haap.

Ti han forjetter en ny himmel og en ny jord, hvor rettferdighet bor. Og han har kraften i sig selv til aa skape det nye rike.

Først ved aa skape nye mennesker, en ny slekt med nye hjerter, behersket av hans aand, fylt av hans kjærlighet, opofret for hans sak.

Og saa gjennom dem en ny verden, hvor sverdene er smidd om til vingaardskniver, hvor løven og lammet kan gresse sammen. Hvor ingen øver uret mot andre og alle derfor kan bli lykkelige. Op skal rinne, som solen skinne, Guds rike!

Verden sukker og lengter. Alle sjeler stunder mot denne forvandling. Kristi aapenbaringsdag skal ikke bli en enkelt søndag i kirkeåret alene, men en eneste stor fremtidsdag, hvor solen aldri gaar ned.

Læft ditt øie til stjernen fra Betlehem og les i dens lys ditt frihetsbrev, Guds naade og sannhet, den lyse fremtid. Inntil hele din sjel blir fylt av ham, ditt syn utvidet til Guds store riksplan, ditt øie klarsynt for den plass, han har tiltenkt dig deri. Saa blir alt nytt for dig og Guds morgendemring jager mørke og frykt, motløshet og mismot fra ditt sinn. Saa blir du Guds medarbeider i alt, han vil fremme.

Opad, fremad, hjemad!

Bare En Kirke

Det er bare en kirke paa jord, og i den skal de kristne leve i innbyrdes kjærlighet og være innlevd i kirken. Dermed følger ikke ensartethet i ytre styre, ordninger, skikker og ceremonier, men enighet i det ene evangeliums rene lære og bekjennelsen av denne paa alle steder i verden og til alle tider.

Den rette aandelige enhet i kirken skapes ikke ved utvortes midler, men egentlig bare ved den rette tro. Kirken er en sjelens aandelige forsamling i den ene og samme tro.

Martin Luther.

Skomaker Hansen.

Nu er skomaker Hansen død. Jeg fulgte ham til graven. Han var i sit liv en levende preken om ydmyghet og taknemmelighet mot Gud. Og derfor skal jeg aldrig glemme ham.

Da han for mange aar siden blev omvendt til Gud, hadde det nok gaaet haardt paa. Han var kommet i alvorlig syndenød og hadde været fortvilelsen nær i følelsen av sin dype avmakt. Men den naadige Gud hadde hjulpet ham over og lært ham at tro paa Jesu naade. I de dage var det, at han lærte ydmyghet og taknemmelighet. Disse to skjønnere trek var blitt meislet dypt ind i ham og slettedes aldrig ut.

Jeg hadde hørt adskillig om denne mand og hans ydmyge ferd og fik engang lyst til at besøke ham. Jeg vilde gjerne ha slaat noen ekstra staalhudd i mine støvlehæle og hadde jo saaledes et erinde. Det var litt vanskelig at finde det lille hus i byens utkant. Men saa fik jeg øie paa hans skilt: G. Hansen, skomaker. Bestillinger paa nyt samt reparasjoner mottas. Det var en rød malt hytte, som laa inde i en ganske liten, men velstelt have. Hammeren danset, og kanariefuglen sang saa iherdig, at det ikke blev hørt, at jeg banket paa.

Saa det var Hansen! En mand paa omtrent 50 aar, litt bøiet i nakken, med et straalende ansikt og briller i panden. Han hadde dem aldrig for øinene.

Mens han nu holdt paa at slaa nudder i mine støvler, saa jeg mig omkring og sa: „Aa nei, hvor hyggelig De har det her da!” Da lot han hammeren hvile, saa paa mig og svarte: „Hvad har du, som du ikke har annammet? Men dersom du har annammet det, hvi roser du dig da, som om du kike hadde annammet det?”

Jeg var enig med ham i, at Gud skal ha æren og takken for de jordiske goder vi har. Og saa ledet jeg samtalen hen paa det aandelige og mente, at det største og herligste av alt det han eiet, var hans tro paa Gud. Men da glemte han rent mine støvler og forklaarte i varme ord, hvorledes han hadde været gjenstridig og vantro. Men Gud hadde ved sin Helligaand vist ham hans synd og ledet ham til troen i sin naade og kjærlighet. Og saa gjentok han sit kjæreste skriftsted: Hvad har du, som du ikke har annammet? Men dersom du har annammet det, hvi roser du dig da, som om du ikke hadde annammet det? Derpaa tok han sin røde lommestørklede fra skomakerbordet og tørret sine øine.

Hansen og jeg blev fine venner. — Neste gang jeg saa ham, gik jeg forbi hans hus paa veien til en syk. Han laa da paa knæ og luget sin kjøkkenhave. „Det vokser godt, Hansen!” ropte jeg over gjerdet. „Hvad har du, som du ikke har annammet?” svarte han. „Men dersom du har annammet det, hvi roser du dig da, som om du ikke hadde annammet det?”

I de følgende 4—5 aar hadde jeg mangen hyggelig samtale med min ven paa hans lille verksted. Men aldrig gik jeg derfra, uten at han hadde fortalt mig om alt, hvad han hadde „annammet” av Gud.

Da han la paa sit dødsleie, besøkte jeg ham ofte. Smertene var store, og netterne var lange. Men han klaget aldrig. Han syntes han hadde faat store ting av Gud, at der ikke kunde være tale om andet end at takke.

Efter hans eget ønske forrettet jeg ved begravelsen og valgte da som tekst de ord: Hvad har du, som du ikke har annammet?

Jeg syntes det passet saa godt!

En, der bad.

Hans Nielsen Hauge begav sig ved St. Hanstid 1796 til Kristiania for at faa trykt sin første større bok: „Betraktningen over verdens daarlighet.”

Mens han gik paa veien, stanset han og bad inderlig til Gud. En mand som skulde samme vei, kom til og blev staaende og lyttet til det. Da bønner var endt, spurte den fremmede, om Hauge var syk. Dertil svarte Hauge, at han var frisk paa legemet, men hans sjel var syk og skrøpelig. Ved dette svar blev den fremmede end mere overbevist om, at Hauge maatte være fra forstanden; han hadde aldrig før hørt noen be eller tale saaledes. Hauge begyndte nu at tale om aandelige ting og formante ham til omvendelse. Dette syntes manden ikke at ha forstaaelse av, men sa til Hauge: „Du er fra forstanden og burde ikke gaa alene.”

Hauge vilde gjerne faa ham bort fra de tanker og begyndte derfor at tale med ham om verdslige ting, og han talte saa forstandig og indsigtfuldt, at den anden maatte skjønnere, at han ikke hadde et sindssvakt menneske for sig. Dette hjalp; manden begyndte at bli opmerksom og fik snart andre tanker om den underlige mand han hadde mødt. Da nu manden hadde faat noenlunde tillit til Hauge, dreiet denne atter samtalen ind paa det aandelige. Og nu gik det hans tilhører, som det gik Kleofas og hans ledsager paa vandringen fra Jerusalem til Emmaus paaskeaften: Hjertet begyndte at brende i ham, eftersom Hauge utla Guds ord for ham. Han blev ikke tret av at høre, hvorfor han fulgte med Hauge en hel mil lengere, end han hadde bestemt sig til. Og fra den dag begyndte manden et nytt levnet, saa alle, der kjendte ham, maatte forundres over ham.

Taksigelse for alle ting.

Der var engang en gaardmand, som fik det godt med Gud og saaledes oplevet, at det gamle var forbigangen og alt var blitt nyt (2. Kor. 5, 17). Med det nye hjerte og sindelag fik han ogsaa nye øine at se med paa alt det, som Gud hadde betroet ham av sine timelige gaver. Kort efter sin omvendelse gjorde han en runde omkring i sin gaard, og alle steder maatte han si Herren tak — inde i laden og stalden for alt kornet, hestene, køerne og svinene, ute i gaarden for hus og hjem, mark og have, inde i stuerne for hustru og børn, de varme senge og de fylde skabe og skuffer, ute i kjøkken og spisekammer for alt, hvad der hører til legemets nødtørft og næring.

Det var en lykkelig runde han gjorde, den mand; men hans hustru og børn, ja naboerne med, stodset over hans opførsel, — ja, der var noen av dem som mente, at han var ved at bli smaatosset, og tenkte at han drev for vidt med al den taksigelse; men Herren sat paa sin trone og saa med glede ned paa sin lykkelige tjener, ti han saa jo, at her gik det i opfyldelse, som staar i hans ord: „Sier altid Gud og Faderen tak for alle ting i vor Herres Jesu Kristi navn” (Ef. 5, 20).

Er du av samme mening?

Fred

Jeg vet og jeg føler at det ingen sann fred finnes utenfor freden med Gud, og at selv det lykkeligste liv uten denne fred ikke er annet enn en tung drøm, som evigheten vil gjøre ende paa.

A. v. Haller.

Avskedshilsenen fra mor.

Da skuronna var over og loa kjørt ind, stod Erling Nedreeng en dag paa stationen og skulde reise til byen. Han hadde faat arbeide der inde. Eline, mor hans, fulgte. Hun hadde følt sig saa underlig og rar i hele dag, helt fra hun stod op idag tidlig. Og skralt var det blit med søvnen inat. Det var saa rart med det, naar den yngste gutten skulde reise fra dem. Det vilde bli saa tomt efter ham. Og ikke kunde en vite hvad som vilde hende ham i den store, farefulde byen. Men hun fik overlate ham i Guds haand.

Der kom toget.

Erling kvak til. Det var som en ising fo'r gjennom ham. Nu skulde han reise — reise fra alle han hadde kjær.

Eline stak en papirlap bort i haanden hans da han bad farvel.

Saa skyndte han sig ind i kupeen. Det var ingen der inde. Han drog ned vinduet for at vinke til mor.

Der stod hun og graat.

Han følte taarerne presset sig frem bakom øinene hans. Men han holdt dem inde. Fik vente til toget var gaat. At det skulde være saa fælt at reise hjemme fra, hadde han ikke troet.

Nu først saa han at mor var blit gammel. Ansiktet hadde faat noen dype rynker. Haaret var graanet sterkt. Tret og sliten saa hun ut.

Kanske han skulde ladt være at reise? Men nu var det for sent at ombestemme sig.

— Du maa ikke graate, mor! Men det var bare saa vidt han orket holde taarerne inde selv.

Der blaaste konduktøren. Toget tok til at gaa. Erling tok op lommestørkleidet og vinket. Der kom noen trær imellem. Mor blev borte.

Han satte sig paa benken og saa paa lappen han hadde faat. Med utydelig skrift stod der: „Hedre din far og din mor, og det skal gaa dig vel, og du skal lenge leve i landet. Dette bud har du holdt, Erling. Derfor skal det gaa dig godt. God tur! Dine foreldres bønner følger dig.”

Nu kom taarerne. Godt at han var alene i kupeen.

En fin avskedshilsen var det mor hadde skrevet. Men han følte med sig selv at han var uverdigg til den. Han hadde ikke altid været slik som han burde været. Det var saa mye at angre paa, saa mye han kunde gjort anderledes. Men det som var gjort kunde ikke gjøres om igjen. Han fik raade bot paa det med at skrive ofte hjem. Og fik han noe tillovers av lønnen sin, saa skulde han sende det hjem til dem. Det fandtes ikke saa snilde foreldre i hele verden, det var han sikker paa. Og alt godt han kunde, det skulde han gjøre dem. Helst burde han vel været hjemme og hjulpet til paa gaarden. Men da han ikke var odelsgutten, kunde han ikke bli der paa gaarden bestandig, baade mor og far vilde derfor han skulde ut og faa noe for sig selv. Og sandt var det. Naar broren en dag overtok gaarden, stod han paa bar bakke.

Men vondt var det at reise, det hadde han erfaring for nu. Godt det ikke var saa lang vei hjem, saa kunde han ta en tur en gang iblandt.

Avskedshilsenen, han fik av mor da han reiste, har han idag i glas og ramme over sengen sin. Og hver gang han ser den mindes han sit kjære hjem og sine kjære foreldre.

Paul Skiaker.

Intet er saa skicket til aa læge vaar samvittighets saar som idelig og flittig aa tenke paa vaar Herre Jesu Kristi saar.

Bernhard av Clairvaux.

The Mother Sings

Poem by Agnes Maakestad

Oh, I would live from day to day
Content with every simple thing;
When evening comes, I'd kneel and pray
And quietly, yet gayly sing,
A slumber song to Joan and John;
For no one knows when they'll be gone.

For go they will, as go all must
Into a world of shadowed places;
They'll leave my heart, my hands out-thrust
To hold them back. But their dear faces
I'll imprint in timeless thought,
A cherished dream, securely caught.

And when they go, I'll send these after:
A home preserved from discontent;
A hearth-fire warm with light and laughter
And friendly, happy argument;
A trust in God, a sheltered place
Enriched by His own Spirit's grace.

A Prayer For The New Year

I look up in the morning of the year,
And I behold Thee flooding all the sky
With that bright wonder of a heart out-poured.
The night of peace and stars has made me bold,
And from the humbleness of year's defeat,
I dare to rise again and lift a prayer.
O Father of a little trusting child,
Keep Thou my faltering steps upon a way
That is unknown. And teach me how to walk
Forth gladly, with no coldly shackling fears.
Lift me to understanding of Thy love;
Give to my mind the firmness and the grace
Of grey stone fences in the morning sun,
Set with all sureness on the warm brown earth,
With little grasses growing by the gate.
Make Thou my heart courageous for its days
As little purple violets blooming low
Beneath their sear-edged, frost-chilled leaves.
And if the bending of the bare lean boughs
Shall strike long shadows on the path
I choose,
Help me to walk without a shrinking step
Through colder ways than I have known before.

* * *

Great Captain of all those who seek for Thee,
Command my forward march, and lead me on.
—Rachel Dunaway.

New Year's Thoughts

LILLIAN GRAY

Let us walk softly, friends;
For strange paths lie before us all untrod,
The New Year, spotless from the hand of God,
Is thine and mine, O friend.

Let us walk straightly, friend;
Forget the crooked paths behind us now,
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,
To better deeds, O friend.

Let us walk gladly, friend;
Perchance some greater good than we have known
Is waiting for us, or some fair hope flown
Shall yet return, O friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,
How soon these precious years be over-past;
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;
Work with our might while lasts our little stay,
And help some halting comrade on the way;
And may God guide us, friend.

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WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. J. R. Lavik, Editor, — Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, Sask.

A Blessed NEW YEAR to You!

And of His fullness have all we received,
and grace for grace. —John 1:16.

Budget for the New Year.

By Marie Mynster

I asked of the year, "What am I to do
The whole year through?"
The answer came,
"Be true."

I asked again, "And what am I to say
To those that pass my way?"
"The kindest words", he said,
"That you can say."

"What thoughts am I to think,
Day long, year long?"
And clearly as a quick struck gong,
"Think no wrong."

"And what roads take across the earth's
worn sod,
Where many feet have trod?"
Swift came the answer,
"Those that lead to God."

"As thou goest, step by step, I will open
the way before thee" (Prov. 4:12).

The opening gates of the New Year reveal a broad vista of unknown ways, new tasks and responsibilities, joys and sorrows; how good it is to know that our Father will indeed show us His way and guide us step by step.

January is generally the time for taking inventory and making plans and budgets for the new year. Have you taken inventory, even mentally measuring the value and profits of your achievements during the past year? Are you satisfied with your experience? Have your pleasant pursuits, your harmless pastimes, your conversations, your interests, your hobbies or occupations yielded fruits commensurate with the time, energy, and talents you have given them? Are you realizing returns on your investment? Day after day, year after year, what will your lasting returns be? Do they offer any real and permanent satisfaction, or do you find your round of activity fruitless as well as endless, wearying and unsatisfying? Are you seeking to quench your thirst with the waters of this earthly life?

If so, don't marvel at the results of your inventory. Jesus said, "Everyone that drinketh of this water shall thirst again" (John 3:13). It is the word of truth.

Let us consider our budget for 1943. How shall we apportion our time, our abilities, our thoughts and possessions? God has promised to show us the way. Jesus also said:

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up into eternal life" (John 3:14)

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. In Jesus alone are everlasting gains.

Can we afford to withhold anything from Him? Let us sincerely pray, in the words of the hymn, "Take my life and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee. Take my moments and my days... my hands... my feet... my voice... my lips... my silver and my gold. O Lord, take my intellect... my will... my heart... my love! Take myself, and I will be ever, only, ALL for Thee." And even as we know that God will heed our call and "take" us, weak, sinful and worthless though we be, receiving us as sanctified in Christ, may we also pray that He will "keep" us.

My New Year's wish to all Lutheran Daughters is that they will budget 100 per cent for Jesus in 1943 and reap the marvelous blessings He has promised to His own.

"My servants shall sing for joy of herat" (Is. 65:14).

"If they obey and serve Him, they shall spend their days in prosperity and their years in pleasures" (Job 36:11).

—News Bulletin.

OUR LUTHERAN HERITAGE The Program Series For 1943

With the new Program packet sent out to all societies by the W.M.F. Literature Committee, a word of greeting from the general president, Mrs. H. M. Normann, is inclosed. We quote her in part:

Herewith a packet comes to you from the Literature Committee. It brings the new programs for 1943. You have been looking forward to their coming. You are anxious to see what they contain. You will find that once more our capable, hard-working Committee has done a splendid piece of work.

We sincerely hope that every aid will make use of them. The days when we felt justified in meeting only for a short devotion, a cup of coffee and a friendly visit are over. There is so much work to do. We must keep posted, we must know what needs to be done; we must prepare to be of use. Just now we must study the history of our own church and its pioneers, so that we may intelligently take part in its 100th Anniversary.

Forward then, in Bible study, in prayer, in reconsecration of ourselves and our means, and also in the use of the program series. Forward with greater zeal for the routine work of our W.M.F. How we wish that every aid might be 100% in participation in the work of every department! It is an ideal goal to work for. Will one of you soon be claiming this honor?

It has become necessary to ask that each society include with their per capita dues an extra quarter to pay for the copy of the *News Bulletin* that is sent to the society in care of the president. If each society will do this, we hope to be able to maintain the low subscription price of 25c per year. I hope you are keeping your copies on file for reference.

We are all working for the Lord Jesus and His Church. Let all be done to His glory. Prepare yourselves! Do your work in prayer.

"Sanctify yourselves, for tomorrow the Lord will do great things among you." Joshua 3:5.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Mrs. H. M. Normann,
General President."

A "Reminder"

The privilege of worshipping God and of giving to the work of His kingdom has been taken away from the peoples of many nations. We still have this privilege and with it some greater responsibility. As we bring our Mission Box offering, may it be with grateful hearts for the opportunity we have of sharing Christ with others.

Because I have been given much,
I too shall give.
Because of Thy great bounty, Lord,
each day I live,
I shall divide my gifts from Thee
With every brother that I see
Who has need of help from me.

Because I have been sheltered, fed by
Thy good care,
I cannot see another lack and I not share
My glowing fire, my loaf of bread,
My roof's safe shelter overhead,
That he, too may be comforted.

Mrs. Julian Bergdahl,
Mission Box Secretary.

"The New Order"...

"Ye shall hear of wars...
and rumours of wars."

See that ye be not troubled,
Ye who believe in Him,
Let not your hope be shaken,
Let not your faith burn dim;
Lift up your heads, ye fearful,
Hail Him whom morning brings!
Lo, with the dawn triumphant
Cometh the King of kings.

Man cannot thwart His purpose,
War cannot change His will,
Far thro' the clouds of battle
Shineth His rainbow shill.
Faithful is He who promised
Earth shall not always groan—
After sin's midnight anguish
Dawn comes to claim His own,

Moose Jaw Circuit W.M.F. Meeting.

The W.M.F. of the Moose Jaw circuit assembled in Convention at St. Olaf, Vice-roy, Saskatchewan, Oct. 31, 1942.

The program was under the chairmanship of Mrs. Arne Vinge.

The following program was given:
Hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God".
Scripture Reading and Prayer—Rev. J. Groettum, Moose Jaw.

Hymn, "Thy Word O Lord Like Gentle Dew."

Vocal Duet—Helen and Alida Bakke.
Reading—"My Father's at the Helm"... Hazel Dahl.

The topic, "Our Fortress of Faith" discussed by Rev. A. K. Haugen, Torquay.

Hymn, "The Great Physician Now Is Near."

Vocal quartette—Helen and Alida Bakke, and Carl and Oscar Mossing.

Piano solo—Ethel Mossing
Offering, amounting to \$8.72.

Closing hymn, "O Happy Day When We Shall Stand."

Announcements and benediction—Rev. H. F. Johnson.

* * *

At the business session the election of officers resulted as follows:

Pres. — Mrs. H. L. Eglund, Midale.
Vice-pres. — Mrs. Arne Vinge, Torquay.
Sec.-Treas. — Ada R. Nelson, Macoun.

The department secretaries elected were:
Thank Offering, Lydia Bromstad, Midale;
Life Membership and In Mem., Mrs. A. K. Haugen, Torquay; Historian, Mrs. H. Nelson, Maxim; Christian Nurture, Mrs. T. J. Langley, Maxim; Cradle Roll, Mrs. Art. Shelstad, Torquay; Librarian, Mrs. H. F. Johnson, Assiniboia; Assistant Librarian, Mrs. Nels Hval, Wilcox.

A gift of five dollars was sent to the Bethany Sunset Home.

May we ever look to God as our Mighty Fortress and Refuge.

Ada R. Nelson, Sec.-Treas.

MY MOTHER'S MISSION BOX

The Mission Box was somewhat of an institution in our old home. The little paper carton stood on the clock shelf in full view. From time to time Mother took it down and slipped a coin into it. The act filled our hearts with reverence and a feeling of festivity. There was little cash in the pioneer days out west in Alberta, and we would hear Mother say, "I hope the Lord sends someone with money soon. There is little in the Mission Box as yet."

The Lord generally sent a Syrian peddler who wished to stop over night and to buy meals for himself and oats for his horses. Sometimes there were agents of patent medicines. These travellers appreciated our home and remuneration was generous. So the Mission Box fared well. It increased in weight and value until the end of the year.

Grandma's Chickens Worked For The Lord.

Grandmother had another plan and it also brought fine results. She collected all the eggs laid on Sunday in a separate basket. The receipts for them was mission money.

Grandma was always systematic in her work and made a definite effort to make Sunday a real day of rest. She dug the new potatoes and cooked the meat for Sunday on Saturday. Everyone in her family complied with her ideas on the blue law—all except the chickens. They went about their business as usual. So the eggs were sold for the Lord's work. It was His day. And Grandmother's Mission Box grew heavier Sunday by Sunday.

Constance S. Burgess.

Nigh and still nigher He draweth
Who is Redemption's morn,
Christ, over sin the Victor,
Crowned Prince of Peace in thorn.
After the dark, the dawning
Reddens horizon's rim —
See that ye be not troubled,
Ye who believe in Him.
—E. Margaret Clarkson.